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## Poems at the Burns Festival.

BOSTON, JANUARY 25, 1859.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

His birthday. — Nay we need not speak  
The name each heart is beating, —  
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek  
In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide, —  
One surge of wild emotion,  
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde  
Rolls in the Western Ocean;

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon  
Hangs o'er each storied river  
The swelling breast of Ay and Doon  
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll, —  
The past becomes the present, —  
And face to face, and soul to soul,  
We greet the monarch-peasant!

While Shenstone strained in feeble flights  
With Corydon and Phillis, —  
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's heights  
To snatch the Bourbon lilies,

Who heard the wailing infant's cry, —  
The babe beneath the shieling,  
Whose song to-night, in every sky,  
Will shake earth's starry ceiling. —

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends  
And floats like incense o'er us,  
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends  
With Labor's anvil chorus!

We love him, not for sweetest song, —  
Though never tone so tender, —  
We love him, even in his wrong, —  
His wasteful self-surrender;

We praise him not for gifts divine, —  
His muse was born of woman, —  
His manhood breathes in every line,  
Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this;  
In every form and feature,  
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,  
He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love, —  
Not even angel blasted; —  
No mortal power could soar above  
The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven had set one living man  
Beyond the pedant's tether, —  
His virtues, frailties, He may scan,  
Who weighs them all together!

I fling my pebble on the cairn  
Of him, though dead, undying,  
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn,  
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe  
Shall spare the minstrel's story, —  
The centuries weave his purple robe,  
The mountain-mist of glory!

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.  
A hundred years! they're quickly fled,  
With all their joy and sorrow,  
Their dead leaves shed upon the dead,  
Their fresh ones sprung by morrow!  
And still the patient seasons bring  
Their change of sun and shadow,  
New birds still sing with every Spring,  
New violets spot the meadow.

II.  
A hundred years! and nature's powers  
No greater grown nor lessened!

They saw no flowers more sweet than ours,  
No fairer new moon's crescent; —  
If she would treat us poets so,  
Would so from Winter free us,  
And set our slow old sap aflow  
To sprout in fresh ideas!

III.

Alas! I think, what worth or parts  
Have brought me here competing  
To speak what starts in myriad hearts  
With Burns's memory beating;  
A theme like this would Bryant choose,  
Longfellow, Holmes, or Whittier;  
If my poor muse can't fill their shoes,  
Pray pardon her and pity her.

IV.

As I sat musing what to say  
And how my verse to number,  
Some elf in play passed by that way  
And sank my lids in slumber;  
And on my sleep a vision stole  
Which I will put in metre,  
Of Burns' soul at the wicket-hole  
Where sits the good St. Peter.

V.

The saint, methought, had left his post  
That day to Holy Willie,  
Who swore: "Each ghost that comes shall toast  
In brimstone, will he, nill he;  
There's none need hope with phrases fine  
Their score to wipe a sin frae; —  
I'll chalk a sign, 'to save their tryin,' —  
A hand *☞* and *Vide infra*!"

VI.

Alas! no soil's too cold or dry  
For spiritual small potatoes,  
Scrimped nature's spy the trade to ply  
Of *diaboli advocatus*,  
Who lay bent pins on the penance-stool  
Where Mercy spreads a cushion,  
Who've just one rule for knave or fool,  
It saves so much confusion!

VII.

So, when Burns knocked, Will knjt his brows,  
His window-gap made scunter,  
And said: "Go rouse the other house,  
We lodge no Tam O' Shanter!"  
"We lodge!" laughed Burns, "now well I see  
Death cannot kill old nature,  
No human flea, but thinks that he  
May speak for his Creator!"

VIII.

"But Willie, friend, don't turn me forth,  
Auld Clootie needs no gauger,  
And if on earth I had small worth,  
You've let in worse, I'se wager!"  
"Na, nane has knockit at the yett  
But found me hard as whunstane,  
There's chances yet your bread to get  
Wi Auld Nick, gaugin' brimstane."

IX.

Meanwhile the "unco' guid" had ta'en  
Their place to watch the process,  
Flattening in vain on many a pane  
Their disembodied noses;  
Remember, please, 'tis all a dream,  
One can't control the fancies,  
Through sleep that stream with wayward gleam  
Like midnight's boreal dances.

X.

Old Willie's tone grew sharp's a knife;  
"In *primis*, I indite ye  
For makin' strife wi' the water o' life  
And preferin' *agua vite*."  
Then roared a voice with lusty din,  
Like a skipper's when 'tis blowy,  
"If that's a sin, I'd ne'er ha' got in,  
As sure as my name's Noah!"

XI.

Sly Willie turned another leaf: —  
"There's many here have heard ye,

To the pain and grief o' true belief,  
Say hard things o' the clergy!"  
Then rang a clear tone over all: —  
"One plea for him allow me,  
I once heard call from o'er me, 'Saul,  
Why persecutest thou me?'"

XII.

To the next charge vexed Willie turned  
And, sighing, wiped his glasses, —  
"I'm much concerned to find ye yearned  
O'er warmly tow'rd the lasses!"  
But David cried: "Your ledger shut,  
E'en Adam tell by woman,  
And hearts close shut with if and but  
If safe, are not so human!"

XIII.

Then sudden glory round me broke  
And low melodious surges,  
Of wings whose stroke to splendor woke  
Creation's farthest verges;  
A cross stretched, ladder-like, secure  
From earth to heaven's own portal,  
Whereby God's poor, with footing sure,  
Climbed up to peace immortal.

XIV.

heard a voice serene and low,  
(With my heart I seemed to hear it,)  
Fall soft and slow as snow on snow,  
Like grace of the heavenly spirit;  
As sweet as ever to new born son  
The croon of new made mother,  
The voice begun, "sore-tempted one!"  
Then, pausing, sighed, "our brother!"

XV.

"If not a sparrow fall, unless  
The father sees and knows it,  
Think! reck's he less his form express?  
The soul his own deposit?  
If only dear to him the strong  
That never trip nor wander,  
Where were the throng whose morning song  
Thrills his blue arches yonder?"

XVI.

"Do souls alone clear-eyed, strong-kneed,  
To him true service render,  
And they who need his hand to lead,  
Find they his heart untender?  
Through all your various ranks and fates,  
He opens doors to duty,  
And he that waits there at your gates  
Was servant of His Beauty.

XVII.

"The earth must richer sap secrete  
In time, could ye but know it!  
Must juice concrete with fiercer heat  
Ere she can make her poet;  
These larger hearts must feel the rolls  
Of stormier waved temptation,  
These star-wide souls between their poles  
Bear zones of tropic passion.

XVIII.

"Her cheaper broods in palaces  
She raises under glasses,  
But souls like these, heaven's hostages,  
Spring shelterless as grasses;  
He loved much! that is gospel good,  
Howe'er the text you handle;  
From common wood the cross was hewed,  
By love turned priceless sandal.

XIX.

"If scant his service at the kirk,  
He *paters* heard and *aves*  
From choirs that lurk in hedge and birk  
From blackbird and from mavis;  
The cowering mouse, poor unroofed thing,  
In him found mercy's angel,  
The daisy's ring, brought, every spring,  
To him Faith's fresh evangel!

XX.

"Not he the threatening texts who deals  
Is highest 'mong the preachers,

But he who feels the woes and weals  
Of all God's wandering creatures;  
He doth good work whose heart can find  
The spirit 'neath the letter;  
Who makes his kind of happier mind,  
Leaves wiser men and better.

## XXI.

"They make Religion be abhorred  
Who round with darkness gulf her,  
And think no word can please the Lord  
Unless it smell of sulphur;  
Dear Poet-heart, that childlike guessed  
The Father's loving-kindness,  
Come now to rest! thou did'st his best,  
If haply 'twas in blindness!"

## XXII.

Then leapt Heaven's portals wide apart,  
And, at their golden thunder,  
With sudden start I woke, my heart  
Still throbbing full of wonder;  
"Father," I said, "'tis known to thee  
How thou thy saints prearest,  
But this I see—Saint Charity  
Is still the first and fairest!"

## XXIII.

Dear Bard and Brother! let who may  
Against thy faults be railing,  
(Though far, I pray, from us be they  
That never knew a failing!)  
One toast I'll give, and that not long,  
Which thou would'st pledge if present,—  
To him, whose song, in nature strong,  
Makes man of prince and peasant!"

## BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

How sweetly come the holy psalms  
From saints and martyrs down,  
The waving of triumphal palms  
Above the thorny crown!  
The choral praise, the chanted prayers  
From harps by angels strung,  
The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,  
The hymns that Luther sung!

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,  
The sounds of earth are heard,  
As through the open minster floats  
The song of breeze and bird!  
Not less the wonder of the sky  
That daisies bloom below;  
The brook sings on, though loud and high  
The clondy organs blow!

And, if the tender ear be jarred  
That, haply, hears by turns  
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,  
The pastoral pipe of Burns,  
No discord mars His perfect plan  
Who gave them both a tongue,  
For he who sings the love of man  
The love of God hath sung!

To-day be every fault forgiven  
Of him in whom we joy;  
We take, with thanks, the gold of heaven  
And leave the earth's alloy.  
Be ours his music as of Spring,  
His sweetness as of flowers,  
The songs the bard himself might sing  
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum  
Of household melodies,  
Come singing, as the robins come  
To sing in door-yard trees.  
And, heart to heart, two nations lean  
No rival wreaths to twine,  
But blending, in eternal green,  
The holly and the pine!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Diarist Abroad, No. 14.

My idea of what we mean by the term *classic*? Certainly. Simply this. Time was when the modern languages were uncultivated, and still in a rude, chaotic state. All literary labors, all state papers, all scientific works, all teaching in Universities, all was in the Latin language. The student then took the pains to learn to speak and write Latin correctly and with elegance, which he now bestows—or should bestow—upon his mother tongue. Certain books in Latin and Greek were universally acknowledged to be mod-

els of elegance in style, in depth of thought, in logical development of idea, in rhetorical form. Now, I have always supposed that these, being used as text books in the "classes" of the Universities (not classes, of course, in our American sense), came to be called "classic" or "classical."

As the modern languages grew to perfection, the works of great thinkers, if also distinguished for elegance of style, would naturally, as models for young authors, come to be called "classical" works in their respective tongues. All such terms are apt to be extended in their significance. So this term has been adopted also in Art, and we hear of the "classic" models of sculpture, painting, architecture, which Greece and Italy offer to the student of those arts.

In music the experience of two or three centuries has proved that certain forms of composition, certain modes of vocal writing and instrumentation afford the most permanent satisfaction. The works of the Raphael, the Phidias, the Michael Angelo, the Rubens, the Corregio of music, whoever they are, are the works which are most perfect, as judged by those rules and principles which experience has drawn from the study of millions of pieces of music of all forms and kinds. These works we offer to the student of music as models upon which he is to base his future reputation and success. The ephemeral novel of the day finds more readers than a volume by Emerson, Hawthorne, Prescott, or Macauley, of our time, or than any of those volumes of older date, which every scholar capable of judging decides to be the highest and noblest models for the use of the English language. So the last new waltz or polka finds a hundred purchasers where a Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven Sonata finds one. So too a flashy quartet or quintet from some ephemeral opera is sung by hundreds while the sextet in "Don Juan," which, according to Rossini, is the greatest thing of the kind in existence—the highest classic therefore—goes begging for singers. The best models from which to learn a language are not the most popular books, the best models in music not the most popular pieces. The works of certain old Italian writers, of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, afford more or less examples in all departments of the musical art, in which one finds the highest perfection of form, of elegance of expression, of depth of thought, of skilful use of voices and instruments. The bad music of these great men is not classical just because they wrote it; their good music is, simply because it is good. That which is worthy of being studied by the student as a means of instruction, may be called classical. We are not obliged to write like Bach and Handel, even if we could; and yet only by making such as them our "classics," until we have caught their spirit, can we ever reach any great eminence in musical composition. A. W. T.

## Mr. Fry on "Hiawatha."

We copy the following, from the New York Tribune, as one of the curiosities of criticism.

MR. ROBERT STOEPEL'S ROMANTIC SYMPHONY OF *HIAWATHA*.—It is not our usual custom to make a notice of any composition of music intended for large masses of performers and a public audition before it has been rendered in this City. There are reasons, however, why a work composed by a resident European or an American should receive superior, and even eccentric attention, inasmuch as its character has to be made here, and is not established already

abroad; and the public, we are sure, are ready to receive not only the criticism on such a work but the work itself in a kindly spirit, and care nothing for names, provided they are pleased. It is only necessary that the composition of the music should be genuine, the quality of the executants good, and the persistence of the performances secured up to the time that the hearers are familiarized with the work. A new name in the circle of the muses ought to be welcomed, for the public ought to be weary of the endless praises of Handel, Haydn and Mozart; seeing that they find the *Messiah* an infernal bore, yawn through five-sixths of it, are only aroused by the Hallelujah Chorus, provided there is a colossal choir, and by two or three other portions of the work, and one-half of them leave the concert room wearied, as they did when it was magnificently performed at Tripler Hall, with an extra full vocal department, and the incomparable monster orchestra of Jullien; seeing, too, that they yawn through four-fifths of *Don Juan*, where the voice accompanies the orchestra, and not the orchestra the voice, and there is no climax of plot, and none of impassioned lyrical ecstasy; seeing, too, that the highest achievement of composition, the opera, alongside of which all else is easy, was never essayed successfully by Haydn, who, like Handel, accordingly took to the lower art of oratorio-writing—doing it nobly, however, but still a much inferior thing to that of the Shakespearean department of music for the stage; seeing, too, that the sense of honor is so squelched in mercantile rapacity and religious hypocrisy that the "American Academy of Music" of this City, whose charter was drawn up and passed by the Legislature for national lyrical purposes, for eliciting native compositions, for the end of elevating the taste of the people to an understanding of the intellectual value of domestic art, and its peerish with literature, and even Congressional speeches, and not of pirating ready-made operas always and killing our own works—does nothing for native art, but everything against it. Seeing this and much more, we say a new name ought to be welcomed. Mr. Stoepele, accordingly, we mention in connection with his work. This musical production has been given in Boston. Of course the composer lost money by it—twelve hundred dollars—but that is a rule where a nation is wanting in duty to itself, as ours always is in everything relating to civilization which cannot be imported ready-made. Wherever we can take anything at second hand, we do it, like a herd of snobs. But Mr. Stoepele deserved a better fate, and is about to try again in Boston, and also in this City soon, assisted by the Mendelssohn Union.

We have not heard *Hiawatha*, but have read the full score. It is thoroughly artistic in the art performances, and illustrates modern art, which, of course, in many details is in advance of the classics—otherwise, why have flutes ten keys instead of two; violins a Paganini method instead of a Viotti; double basses, a Bottesini instead of a Dragonetti; music, ethereal forms instead of mechanical figures; and so throughout the chapter. We mention this incidentally in reference to the ordinary braying about the classics. A word of criticism on this work: The first thing to look to in every composition is melodies. Poor melodies, like Handel's, may be backed up and sanctified by words from the Bible, but they are not the less poor; heard without the words, not even saints would listen to them. A melody is to be considered utterly dissociated from the words. Its rhythm, of course, must be imbedded in and shaped to the last azimuth of an accent by the words, but when cut loose from them it must stand superbly alone by its own beauty. Such melodies can be set to hand-organs; and if they cannot they are bad melodies. But, they may have a certain merit, acting and reacted upon by the harmony, and by the virtue of beautiful sounds in combination, by the loveliness or hallowedness of the words, and by the majesty and beauty of the singer. A composer, Mendelssohn for example, who could not make a salient melody for the public, may be very delightful in other relations—great finish of detail, nice sense of chro-



matic or coloristic qualities in the orchestra, and so forth. There is but one test of good melodies—their popularity, ultimately established after sufficient hearings. Some melodies are more slowly taken hold of than others. Some very vulgar ones become popular; but no melody that is really good will fail to please an audience if sufficiently often rendered. Of the memorable qualities of Mr. Stoepe's melodies we can say nothing, as only time and the public can decide; all we hazard is that they are intelligently written, with a beginning, middle and end, and lie easily under the voice. In the matter of accent he is correct. In form, where so much license is allowed, and none of the frenzy and condensation of the stage required which so multiplies the composer's difficulties, and lessens his chances of success, Mr. Stoepe is happy. "The Beggar's Dance" may be cited as a happy piece of grotesqueness and hurry-skurry; the introduction of the barbarous sub-seventh of the Highland pattern, particularly well founded. The address of the Great Spirit, accompanied by trombones, is a nice piece of recitation. There is a trio of a very naïf melody; and the finale is well worked up. The harmonies are varied and appropriate. Mr. Stoepe has had the good sense to leave out "learning" when not needed—his business being poetry and not pedantry. A composer who would listen for a moment to certain self-constituted critics, would be sure to have his work damned. We once heard every piece of a certain work, which was subsequently encored, condemned by a would-be musical authority—they were not "learned." The only difficulty was, they were too profound to be understood by people who affect to despise melody, and do not comprehend the higher mysteries of dramatic harmony. The instrumentation of Mr. Stoepe is excellent. He has a clear conception of orchestral divisions: of the art of not overlaying his voices: of knowing what he means to express, and expressing it.

We have written somewhat at length, for we believe in much revolution needed for musical composition, and much increased decency and patriotism on the part of the American public toward native works of art—not that the Americans care for a composition that stupefies them, no matter how venerable a name is attached to it; not that they will not listen gently, kindly, and enthusiastically, to a new work by a home-hand; but because they do not insist upon their own countrymen, by birth or adoption, having a fair chance in their own country; otherwise the American Academy of Music "would not, like a tall bully, lift its head and lie." Art of course is progressive, and the best composer is he who plagiarizes most from all who have preceded. That alone will constitute his learning, his universality, his humanity. When it is found that certain forms are alone graceful, it is the business of the composer to use them, even if they have been used before. When certain chords are terrible—unless he is going to make a new human nature—he must use them. When a certain instrument recalls memories or imaginings of war—of the chase—of idyllic life—of sub-mundane theology, of the middle ages—of chivalric life—of Catholicity—of Protestantism, of the sky, the trees, the flowers, the winds—the composer is bound by his allegiance to Art, not to use the contrary and be false in order to be original. As antecedents are multiplied upon a limited platform, of course the scope for originality is lessened. Some arts have come to a dead-lock as regards originality; this is not so as regards music, though the first thing that strikes every hearer, in attending the performance of a new piece of music, is its resemblance to other things. If it did not resemble them, the musical martyrs of the past ages would have sacrificed themselves in vain to their art. The inevitability of melodic progression; the unyielding laws of harmony; the properties of instrumentation; the canons of musico-verbal accent; the progressions of ideas and the eloquent structure of form, are all common property; and genius is simply the quality which takes these accretions and adds something to them delightful and memorable.

## ANALYSIS OF Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

### PART I.

This division of the Oratorio presents, first, the sufferings of the Israelites; then the plagues wrought upon the Egyptians; and, finally, the grand miracle of the Exodus, and the impression this made upon the believing people. The narrative of the incidents here embodied is comprised in the first fourteen chapters of the book of Exodus; but the texts employed are taken from the 105th and 106th Psalms, with some occasional passages from the 78th Psalm, and also from the book of Exodus.

Though the texts here chosen constitute a narrative, Handel has treated them dramatically, representing the events they relate as passing in present action before the auditor.

(1). *Recit.*—Now there arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph; and he set over Israel task-masters to afflict them with burthens, and they made them serve with rigour.

The commencement of a work of such grandeur of purpose, such magnitude of design, and such importance of character as the present, with so slight a means of fixing the attention of an audience as an unaccompanied Recitative, unpreceded by any kind of instrumental prelude, unaccompanied by a single chord of the sonorous orchestra to define the termination of the vague period of expectancy, and announce the presence amongst us of the composer,—this unique commencement is an example in Handel of rare confidence, and in itself, if regarded with artistic feeling, is more impressive than any of the effects known when it was written—perhaps than any yielded by the extended resources of the present much further developed state of the art could have been. The text of this Recitative, and of the following chorus, is purely introductory to the grand argument of the Oratorio, and these two pieces may be regarded as forming a kind of prologue to the work, of which the action opens with the succeeding Recitative; the object is, we may well suppose, to impress the hearer with a sense of the sorrows of the people of Israel,—to make us feel how deep a suffering of theirs induced the awful miracles that were wrought for their deliverance: the Recitative simply recounts the circumstances of their condition; aiming at no expression, but prompting us only with the cause of the heavy anguish that is depicted in the following movement. Any attempt to give expression to this plain narrative text would have been an extravagant squandering of means, exalting into undue importance a simply explanatory passage, and so taking from the effect of the subsequent appropriate employment of the artist's resources, where the most powerful expression is demanded: thus Handel, confident in his own manner of treating it, trusts his subject to the sympathy of his audience as their best preparation to receive it, and makes his tenor singer, in whom always he appears to have placed his chief reliance, stand forward not to excite interest in himself, but to direct attention to the intense interest of what is to follow.

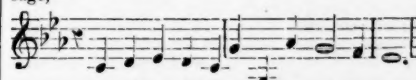
(2). *Chorus.*—And the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cry came up unto God. They oppressed them with burthens, and made them serve with rigour; and their cry came up unto God.

The elaborate, and, at the same time, pathetically expressive character of this piece, at once announces the profound earnestness of purpose that pervades the entire work, which is an equal demonstration of the masterly skill of the technical musician and of the passionate feeling of the poetical artist. We must distinguish the three elements of which the movement is composed, in order to trace them through their various and very ingenious combinations: first, the pathos embodied in the opening bars of Alto Solo, with the poignant and graphic rendering of the word "sigh'd," which constantly occurs with the repetition of this portion of the text by the body of voices; second, the ecclesiastical character conveyed in this Canto Fermo,—

And their cry came up un-to God.

the theme upon which all the contrapuntal contrivances of the movement are grounded, and from the peculiar construction of which, formed as it is according to the Dorian mode of the Gregorian system, results the correspondingly peculiar character of harmony that prevails in this Chorus, save only in those places where the sighing of the sorrowing people is embodied in the inartificial progressions of our modern natural harmonic scale; third, the didactic, or, it

may be, the imitative character contained in this passage,—



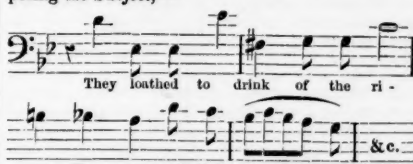
They oppress'd them with burthens, and made them serve, which forms the chief counterpoint (or independent melodic accompaniment) to the Plain Song quoted above, and is possibly, it is not quite vain to fancy, designed to represent the weary restlessness of the Israelites toiling under the burthens with which their taskmasters oppressed them. I have only further to remark upon the singularly beautiful and very modern progression of harmony upon which the words, "And the children of Israel sigh'd," are first set for the choral voices,—which forms a striking episode in the stately gravity that mostly prevails throughout the movement.

(3). *Recit.*—Then sent He Moses, His servant, and Aaron whom He had chosen; these showed his signs among them, and wonders in the land of Ham. He turned their waters into blood.

What has preceded may be considered as more or less analogous with the opening Recitative and the Overture in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; and as the real action in that work commences with the first Chorus, so it does here with the present Recitative. This passage, like that at the beginning of the Oratorio, being plain narrative, is, with the same purport, set in the unpretending form of unaccompanied Recitative: the closing phrase, however, which tells the incident of which the effects are depicted in the next Chorus, is distinguished by having to be sung in definite rhythm, and it is connected with what is to follow by being in the same key; it conveys an obviously purposed expression, in the descent of the melody to the final word, of the especial horror that word suggests.

(4). *Chorus.*—They loathed to drink of the river. He turned their waters into blood.

Now that the fugal form has passed out of habitual use in composition, and is employed rather for the purposes of exercise than as the most familiar mould for the development of a musical idea, we marvel when we find an example of the very great dramatic power involved in it, and can scarcely credit that a vivid embodiment of a multitudinous emotion should be comprised in a rigid specimen of technical elaboration, which, apart from all merit of expression, is to be criticized by the severest tests of schoolcraft, and found wanting in nothing. Such is the case with the present Chorus; it is one of the most strict fugues Handel produced, and it is one of the most striking instances of musical expression extant. I will not specialize its many points of musicianly excellence, but with reference to its poetical merit I will adduce, first, the peculiar presentation of disgust and loathing conveyed in the progression of singular intervals composing the Subject,—



ver. He turn-ed their wa-

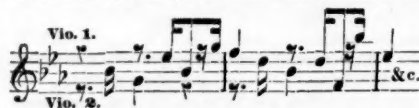
and second, to the wide generality of this sickening sensation, conveyed in the successive entry of the several parts of the choir, and in the constant recurrence, always unexpected, always with some fresh variety of contrapuntal complexity, of the especially significant Subject.

The Subject of this Chorus is identical with that of the fugue in A minor in the set of Six Fugues for the Harpsichord of the same author, and many points in the conduct of the composition are similar; the present piece is, however, little more than half the length of the original, and in respect of constructive merit it is as greatly improved as shortened by the condensation. We have the right to assume that Handel selected this Subject for second elaboration because of its especial fitness to the words, to their just declamation, and to the perfect embodiment of their sentiment.

(5). *Air.*—Their land brought forth frogs, yea, even in their king's chambers. He gave their cattle over to the pestilence; blotches and blains broke forth on man and beast.

One might suppose, from the evidence of the singular construction of this very unique work, that it had been the composer's first thought to present the entire series of the Plagues and the Deliverance in an unbroken chain of choral movements,—a grand conception, worthy the greatness of the subject to be illustrated; but, if we give a moment's entertainment to such a supposition, it can only be to make us reve-

rence the more the profound judgment of Handel, that could induce him to reject so fascinating an idea when his sensitive appreciation of the susceptibility of his text discerned in the words of the present piece an inappropriateness to choral treatment as great as is the peculiar fitness of all the subsequent passages in this division of the Oratorio to the multitudinous rendering of them he has given: with admirable discretion, then, if ever he conceived such a thought, he abandoned it for the purpose of delivering the text in so quiet a manner as would embody the sense of the entire passage without obtruding the abstract signification of the separate words upon the sense of the hearer. The only apparent purpose of illustrating the words in this song is the fanciful imitation of the



leaping of frogs by the skips of the two violin parts in alternation, which are imitated occasionally by the bass; these form an accompaniment to the voice at the commencement, — but ceasing with the change of words, have merely such slight occasional recurrence in the sequel as to give unity to the entire composition. Beyond this, the simple, unaffected declamation of the text is the sole means employed to render it emphatic. One incident of musical beauty, apart from any purpose of expression, is too striking to escape observation; I refer to the unexpected change of key that introduces the words, "He gave their cattle," which assumes especial prominence because of the else unbroken smoothness of transition that prevails throughout.

The beauty of Mendelssohn's organ-part to this song is peculiarly conspicuous; its sustaining through the broken figure of the string instruments, — its supporting the voice where Handel has left nothing but a bass part, — and its relieving this by some charming artifices of counterpoint founded on the suggestions of the meagre original score, all tend to carry out the composer's idea, and they realize for it an aspect of beauty which the slight skeleton he has left is quite inadequate to present.

(6). *Chorus.* — He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies and lice in all their quarters. He spake; and the locusts came without number, and devoured the fruits of the ground.

From hence to the conclusion of the First Part, we have an unbroken succession of Choruses. There exists not, I believe, a parallel example of so long continuous an employment of the entire means at a musician's disposal, — so long continuous a disregard for popular effect in leaving ungratified the public craving for the personal interest of a Solo singer, for the concise rhythm and definite phraseology of a Solo composition: the master, manifestly, felt here the stupendous greatness of his subject — felt the total inadequacy of all conventional means to embody the grandeur of his conception; and, impelled by this feeling of a creator, wrote with the single consideration of the noble work on which he was engaged; he made the constant employment of his entire means, from whence a writer who wanted self-reliance might have apprehended monotony, yield the effect of ceaselessly accumulating power, and he makes such an appeal to the emotions of an auditory with any perception of the aim of art and its achievement, as must draw them with him, forgetful of the habitual exigencies of an exacting crowd, step by step in the gigantic course his genius alone could plan — his genius alone could accomplish. Such an auditory distinguishes the musical character of our time from that of the period when Handel wrote; and though we must be at least equally susceptible with his contemporaries of the charms of the lighter forms of musical composition, we have acquired what they possessed not — the power to revere, to watch with interest, and thus finally to appreciate, and even to comprehend the development of a design so mighty as the present; and hence the equivocal success that marked the original production of this Oratorio could not, I believe, have attended the first production of such a masterpiece before a now existing London public.

We have to notice in this Chorus, the imposing announcement of the divine commandment, the stern solemnity of which gives severity and dignity to the effect of the whole scene; the peculiar distribution of the voices in all but the declamation of the first four words, which, by their generally acute pitch, by their distinctness from the tone of the instruments, and by their change of harmony with each word, give singular distinctness to the enunciation of the text, and great prominence to the peculiar passages for the violins that accompany them; this constant motion of the violins, which suggests to our fancy with a graphic reality, at which we marvel the more, the

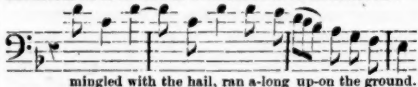
more we admit it, the ceaselessly busy vitality of the innumerable multitudinous insect existence; and finally, the felicitous reserve of the continuous power of the bass instruments until the first entry of the words, "And the locusts came without number," when the introduction of their grave tones upon this ponderous passage, —



suggests the thought of the darkness of the countless cloudlike coming of the winged host that veiled the face of heaven.

(7). *Chorus.* — He gave them hailstones for rain; fire, mingled with the hail, ran along upon the ground.

This wonderfully exciting Chorus is one of the most remarkable triumphs of extreme simplicity in perhaps the whole range of music, — extreme simplicity, the extreme of power in the hands of him who owns the power to wield it, who has that confidence in himself which proves his reason for such confidence — the sense of sublimity. With the simplest harmonies, with the simplest modulations, with the absence of all form of contrapuntal contrivance, and of all complication of vocal and orchestral combination, this prodigious inspiration produces an effect irresistible as it is unique. The idea first suggested to us is of the falling of single raindrops, which rapidly increases in rapidity and volume, until, at the entry of the voices, one might suppose the heavens to open and pour forth the torrent of Divine anger in a single sheet of water; then, at an unexpected transition of key, there breaks forth a cry of "Fire!" which is answered from side to side of the echoing choir, and speaks the terror with which the bewildered multitude are appalled on witnessing this new phenomenon of Omnipotent vengeance; next, the remarkable distinctness with which the words make themselves heard in this passage, so conspicuous for that peculiar cross accent which modern hearers are accustomed to associate with the idea of Beethoven: —



mingled with the hail, ran a-long up-on the ground. and finally, the colossal force of the passage where the bass voices and instruments proceed in an uniform motion of quavers against the detached chords of the rest of the choir, that make us think of an immense stream of burning lava, and of the shrieks of the amazed masses, who stand as spellbound, gazing on the inevitable means of their own annihilation.

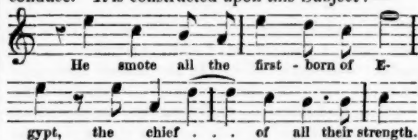
(8). *Chorus.* — He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even darkness which might be felt.

This Chorus conjures up the most terrible picture in the whole of the marvellous series, — a picture so supernatural, yet so truthful, that it at once identifies itself with our liveliest sympathies, and places us in a scene with which, but for this medium, it would be impossible for us to sympathize. We perceive in our imagination the darkness, not as the mere absence of light, but as a heavy tangible substance hanging like a pall over nature. The supremacy of music above the other arts as a medium of expression, is especially proved by this wonderful presentation of a vague, mysterious awe, such as the prodigious appearance the text describes would excite: language might catalogue the emotions of men thus confronted with the wrathful power of Deity under its most fearful aspect, the withdrawal of that light which is the constant pledge and token of its benignity, — painting might imagine the outward workings of these emotions, as they who suffered them were supposed to shrink within themselves in abject, hopeless agony, or to break frantically forth in the impotent ravings of desperation, — but this music proves that music can awaken the emotions in our own hearts, and make us feel the feelings it literally presents anew in its representation, so tempered however, by the medium of the ideal through which they are conducted, as to color even their terrible sublimity with the prismatic hues of beauty. The technical means Handel employed to translate his true inspiration to the world, are those since used with masterly power by Mendelssohn in his *Elijah*, and in his Greek tragedies, — the form, namely, of Choral Recitative; and we have not only to admire his perfectly successful anticipation of one of the legitimate resources of the art most recently acknowledged in the repertory of the musician, but equally to wonder at the extremely modern harmonic progressions that support this extraordinary piece of declamation, which give to the composition the prophetic character of having fore-

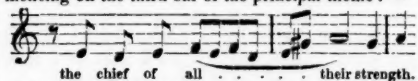
shadowed to a past generation the utmost to which music may ever hereafter attain.

(9). *Chorus.* — He smote all the first-born of Egypt, the chief of all their strength.

Here we have a fugue of a very free character, the fugal form being employed but to give the effect of multitudinousness to the expression, to which, and to the grand idea of Almighty power this Chorus most vividly realizes, other elements, also, are combined to conduce. It is constructed upon this Subject: —



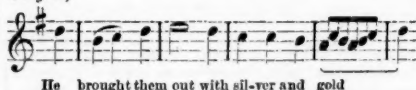
He smote all the first-born of Egypt, the chief of all their strength. which is identical with that of the fugue in A minor in the set of Six Harpsichord Fugues, whence the composer has also borrowed in a former Chorus in this Oratorio; and upon this counter-subject, commencing on the third bar of the principal theme: —



the chief of all their strength. which is not precisely the same as that in the harpsichord fugue; and these two are worked with masterly fluency, displaying the powerful effects of Double Counterpoint (or Counterpoint that may stand in two ways, either below or above the Subject), and of the most interesting artifice in the development of a fugue, the Stretto (or the compression of the Subject by bringing in the answer at closer and closer periods, making the Subject to form a Canon with itself). This theme was, it should seem, selected, because of its excellent fitness to the words which it declaims with truthful and powerful emphasis; the conduct of the fugue entirely differs from that of the original. A most impressive effect is attained in this Chorus by the measured marking of the rhythm with massive detached chords, given by the chief and the most weighty power of the orchestra; and as much as we are impressed by this, must we admire the excellent discretion with which so individual a figure of accompaniment is occasionally discontinued for just so brief a period as to prevent its becoming monotonous, and to give to it still greater force on its resumption. Thus Handel suggests to his hearers the idea of the stupendous strokes with which the chief of all the Egyptian strength were smitten; thus he makes us comprehend the thought of the overwhelming power which crushed all the first-born as with a rod of iron; and while this Omnipotent might is dealing its inevitable blows of destruction, he presents to us, too, the image of the multitude, heaving like waters in its vastness, on whom the death-strokes fall.

(10). *Chorus.* — But as for His people, He led them forth like sheep: He brought them out with silver and gold; there was not one feeble person among their tribes.

A most marked change of character distinguishes this Chorus from all that has preceded it, and illustrates most powerfully the altered sentiment of the text. The frank, natural, hearty gladness of the opening vividly suggests the confident elation with which the liberated people issue from their bondage, and this expression rises by reason of its contrast to the representation of their sorrows with which the Overture commences, no less than of its opposition to the embodiment of the terror of the Egyptians suffering under the plagues. Then, in the tranquil, peaceful, pastoral character of the passage that follows, we have a charming metaphor of the loving tenderness of the Good Shepherd guiding his flock with fondest care to a refuge of sweet repose. The contrapuntal style, which so eminently prevails throughout this work, is not forsaken even in the present unstudied, unsought, fluently-written movement, of which the conception appears to have been spontaneous as is the expression; a closely-worked fugal development of this Subject,



He brought them out with silver and gold is the next incident in the conduct of the plan; and, after the recapitulation of the earlier themes of the Chorus, it is resumed with the felicitous device to enhance its interest of a most skilful Stretto. We may suppose this to picture the tumultuous gathering of the treasure-laden tribes, who throng exultingly from all parts of the detested land of their servitude. Finally, with an effect of power peculiarly Handel's own, the vigorous energy of the enfranchised host is made so truly present to our consciousness, that we feel a new strength within us excited by the stirring declamation of the passage; the iteration of the words "not one"



is singularly emphatic, and the very simple and natural change of key at the repetition of the phrase is so striking, that no one, however unversed in musical technicalities, can be insensitive to its forcible impression.

(To be continued.)

### How the Books were Secured.

A correspondent of the *Transcript*,—one whom many of our readers will gladly recognize,—writes from Berlin, the following account of the manner in which the library of old musical works was secured (as we stated some weeks since) for our Boston Public Library.

I wish to mention an incident which has an interest for all Bostonians, and signally for the musical student. I believe I am "within the rules" in relating, in this way, what is no longer a secret here,—and I will respond for the entire accuracy of the facts. There died in Vienna, some time ago, a distinguished Austrian General, Herr Von Koudelka, who, to his other titles to distinction, added that of a refined taste for and profound knowledge of music. His zeal for the accumulation of musical literature was proverbial, and his industry unexampled. A sketch of Herr Koudelka's life would, I think, greatly interest a large class of your readers, and perhaps I may give it to them at another time.

The library thus formed soon became noted in the musical world, and when its possessor died, an enterprising book-dealer of this city posted to Vienna, and by a promptness and perseverance more American than German, secured the prize. By the way, this spirit of enterprise, for which our countrymen are so eminent, exists in larger measure in Prussia, especially in Berlin, than in the other States of Germany, there being good reasons therefor, and very interesting ones, on which I hope to entertain you in some future letter. Our energetic, discriminating and wide-awake "Diartist"—the modest and disinterested "Mr. Brown"—gets scent of this rare collection, and the fever of desire burns in his veins. Not for himself, but for Boston, does Mr. Brown desire these the invaluable books: he sighs when he hears the price, and he writhes too, but unlike the slower German, he does not stop there. A hundred and fifty pounds sterling does not grow on every bush. *Que faire?* Those books must not be lost to Boston:—somehow they must be had. He consults friends; many sympathize, but nobody can aid. Time flies; they are now advertised to be sold by public auction. "Oh, misery, what can I do! Spirit of Beethoven advise me!" (This last is poetical, and not historical, but poetry is sometimes fact, and I am sure this must be an instance.) And a spirit, in his extremity, whispered: "Write to the liberal patron of letters in general, and of the Boston Library in special,—and ask him if he cannot divert a part of the fund already given to the Public Library into this narrow but deep-channel." Like all men of genius, Mr. Brown knew the physiognomy of an "Inspiration," and did not mistake it for a distemper of the brain. So he gave it cordial welcome, sat down and wrote a simple and straightforward letter to Mr. Joshua Bates, (which one of the firm of Barings characterized, in writing to me, as a "clever and excellent letter") stating the need, the opportunity and the way which had occurred to him of securing so desirable a possession for our beloved city. The best commentary on the good "Diartist's" letter, however, is its fruit. A prompt and gracious answer gave permission to draw on Barings Brothers & Co., for £150.

But Mr. Brown has also showed good business tact in this transaction, for he insisted on a rejection of all duplicates from the catalogue, and thus reduced the price to £130. Finding he could drive the price no lower, and being really in imminent danger of losing the collection, (for he had a competitor, and the auction day was approaching) he closed the bargain. After which he "put it" to the conscience of the book-seller, whether he was not entitled to a commission. This proposition rather startled our dealer, who perhaps thought that his customer, like some of our house brokers at home, was looking for a commission from both vender and vendee; but it ended in according our good friend some four or five pounds sterling, pretty hardly earned, as I know; and perhaps even some moralists will here think that Mr. Brown was a little morbidly conscientious, when I tell them that he would not consent to touch these twenty or twenty-five dollars, but put that, too, on the credit side of the fund.

I would not deny myself the pleasure of recording this fact, so honorable to our nature, though I have no authority for making it public; and I cannot, will not doubt, that the zeal and time and labor thus expended for our own Boston Public Library will meet with some adequate reward. We know a class of

men who would say—"More fool you, for giving away five pounds which was your own, and which you needed"—and to such it would sound like barren sentimentality to say: "I was in some sense an agent, though not a paid one, and I chose to keep my hands clean of any profit at the expense of my principle." But let us hope, the Herald to the contrary notwithstanding, that we have many amongst us who would feel and act with the "Diartist."

A.

### Annual Meeting of the Harvard Musical Association.

(Concluded.)

We add here a few documents for which we lacked room in our last. First a sketch of the happy remarks, made in answer to a call from the Chair, by Prof. S. G. BROWNE, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Dartmouth College, who is an honorary member of our Association, a true lover of the best in music; and whose stay in the city during the delivery of his course of Lowell lectures made his company available, as it was peculiarly welcome. He spoke as follows:

"I should hardly venture to respond, however briefly to your call, did I not feel bound to acknowledge my allegiance to your Fraternity, and to thank you for the kindness which has made me one of your number. You remember Sir Boyle Roche's equivocal invitation to an Irish nobleman: 'My Lord, I hope if you ever come within a mile of my house that you'll stay there all night.' I am sure that if it is ever my good fortune to come again within such distance of your annual gathering, I shall find it hard, if not impossible to resist the central attraction.

"But my mind rather turns to the graver aspects of the subject before us—to the educational influences of the cultivation of music,—especially its effect on the general culture of young men. I am sure we all have had occasion to recognize its healthful influence as a general recreation, as affording a stimulus, gentle and pleasing, to the sympathies and emotions, and serving as a powerful antagonist to the more gross and dangerous forms of amusement and dissipation, to which, for young men away from home and a good deal secluded from society, there is sometimes a strong temptation. Nor can we be unmindful of the fine intellectual results which may flow from that study and practice of this beautiful art, which is daily coming more within the reach of us all. I remember that one of the finest scholars and most devout of men, one who marched over the domain of foreign languages with the easy tread of a conqueror, and early consecrated himself to toil in distant and uninviting fields, for the sake of the good of others, once told me that he thought he owed his power of perceiving the delicacies of a foreign speech, the nice shades of meaning in words, the aroma which exhales from native, idiomatic expressions, more to his study of music than to any other means of discipline. May I refer too—I must, I cannot help it—to another name familiar to you all, of one who brought to science all the modesty and severe thoroughness of a sincere lover of truth, who ever rises before my mind as the image and impersonation of whatever is most pure, delicate and refined, as a model of a Christian scholar and gentleman. I mean the late Dr. Daniel Oliver, to whom music, as I know, was not only a delight and a solace, but an art to be studied as well as enjoyed.

"But to obtain these noble results of the study of music, at which I have barely hinted, or to obtain them in their best forms, is it not necessary that in our colleges and universities there should be some one to serve as a guide and master; who by lectures and instructions, by controlling the musical portion of the devotional exercises of the students, and in whatever other way might be found most convenient, should show the noble use of the art and demonstrate its value.

"I beg your pardon for these crude hints which may be too grave for the occasion, but I have understood

this, or something like this, to be one of the objects of your association; and if you succeed in it with respect to the noble university so near us, there will be others who will rejoice in your success, and join with you in a *Benedictus and Te Deum*."

The next is something which we should have lost, were it not that our reporter was more vigilant than Mr. President in spying game. It is from a brother whose valued company we had missed for several anniversaries, so that Mr. P. very naturally had him not upon his list of victims. It comes to us in this shape:

MR. PRESIDENT.—Pshaw! I mean EDITOR, (I might say *Vice*, however)—the truth is I have hardly yet got my carefully conned speech out of my mind—Sir, you and the polite and genial circle in which we found ourselves the other night will never know what a shot came near being fired into it, unless I should save up the charge for the next Anniversary, or unless I now rush into print under your auspices.

I confess, Sir, that, having learned wisdom from experience, and knowing that there is no calculating whereabouts, at the supper-table, the chairman's lightning may strike, and having, moreover, been placed on my guard by the special admonition that no one was exempt from the liability to be drawn upon to make contribution to the general fund of entertainment, I had been prosecuting some researches concerning a certain musical instrument once of great importance, though now absolute, a specimen of which, one that had done good service in the choir of a country town not far remote for nearly a century, I had until the last moment expected to have brought with me for exhibition, as a curious relic of past time. Indeed, Sir, a bolt fell very near me, once or twice; but I was spared, I fear for a worse fate, that of being unprepared on some other occasion. Sir, however deferentially we might bow before the eloquence and genius of the orators, professors and poets with whom the President was surrounded at the other end of the table, I think between you and me, (and you won't forget that it was Mr. S. that sat between us) we had all the fun to ourselves, and if it would not have seemed too much like turning upon the Autocrat, and the author of Hiawatha, who sat directly opposite us, their own weapons, I should have embraced the opportunity, if any had happened to offer itself, to discharge certain reflections upon the forgotten instrument, whose name you will observe was derived from something which may be said to lie at the very foundation of music, something so indispensable to the musical performer, that until provided with it, neither choir nor orchestra could ever take a step, nor we, on the occasion in question, however skilled in singing, could by any possibility have harmoniously sounded the first note of the introductory *Non nobis*. Of course, I need not tell you that it was "my friend," the organist, who dressed up for me in presentable fashion these

### Lines to an Ancient Pitch-pipe.

Under the shade of the "patulous fage,"  
(For such is now the approved translation)  
Tityrus did his hours engage  
With those dulcet sounds that might well assuage  
The griefs of that rustic's vocation.

How well in our memory doth remain,  
With boyhood's associations blent,  
The pastoral and pleasing refrain,  
"Begin, my pipe, the Maenalian strain,"—  
Whatever a strain Maenalian meant!—

Ah! 'twas quite other strains, I ween,  
Than such as solaced old Tityr,—which,  
When thou wert figuring on the scene,  
In New England meeting-houses have been  
Begun with thee, oh Pipe of Pitch!

And methought 'twere meet ere Oblivion should wipe  
Thy name out, and lay thy note on the shelf—  
For we in our day take the key, oh Pipe,  
From organs of very different stripe—  
That we should make a brief note of thyself.

The good old leader — I see him rise  
At the head of his choir, while inly thus,  
Every singer with ears and eyes  
Intent on the sound thou utterest, cries  
His *dona nobis* — the pitch give us!

Now the Trebles their Do roll full and free;  
The Altos are firm on their Sols, and I hear,  
When the Tenors have settled town on Mi,  
The choir devoutly uplift Dundee.  
Old Hundred, Coronation, or Mear.

And how oft, oh Pipe, have that chorus-host  
Been swallowed up in some fugue's Red Sea,  
Their Do's and Mi's all sunken and lost,  
And their Sol's all hopelessly tempest-tost,  
Till restored to their haven-tone by thee!

Oh Pipe of Pitch! though less known to fame  
Than the Peace-Pipe, scarce less worthy, for if  
That concord brought, didst not thou the same?  
Like in effect as well as name,  
There was much virtue in thy whiff.

Shakespeare, who saw with a prophet's sight,  
Doubtless thy music had in view,  
When he with melodious phrase did write  
Of "sounds and sweet airs that give delight  
And hurt not;" — words of thee how true!

And I bring thee this for my parting thought;  
Henceforth oh never be thou reviled,  
For the pitch which from thee the chorus caught  
Was a pitch with no baneful influence fraught,  
One forever might touch and not be defiled.

J.

The third is the list, omitted from the end of the librarian's report, of

#### Additions to the Library in 1858.

SCUDO P., *Le Chevalier Sarti*. Paris, 1857. pp. 551.

(Presented by E. C. Guild.)

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. Vols. xi., xii.

BEETHOVEN. *Grande Sonate Pathétique*.

(Presented by S. Kneeland, Jr.)

NICOLAIS. *Three Sonatas for Piano Forte, with accompaniment for violin*.

(Presented by S. Kneeland, Jr.)

ORPHEUS. (German four-part songs.) 10 vols.

MOZART'S SYMPHONIES. (Score.) Nos. 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

MOZART'S SYM. CONCERTANTE. Op. 104. (Score.)  
ACT OF INCORPORATION, &c., of Handel and Haydn Society.

(Presented by E. L. Balch.)

SCHUBERT, FRANZ. *Symphonie (C. Dur) für grosses Orchester*. Partitur. Leipzig. pp. 322. 8vo.

SCHUMANN, ROBERT. *Symphonie. No. 1. B dur*. Op. 38. Partitur. pp. 211. 8vo. Leipsic.

— *Zweite Symphonie. (No. 2.) Op. 61*. Partitur. pp. 232. 8vo. Leipsic.

— *Dritte Symphonie. (No. 3.) Es dur. Op. 97*. Partitur. pp. 211. 8vo. Leipsic.

— *Symphonie. No. 4. (D. Moll.) Op. 120*. Partitur. pp. 165. 8vo. Leipsic.

WEBER, C. M. von. *Concert-Stück für das Piano Forte, mit Begleitung des Orchester*. Op. 97. Partitur. pp. 132. 8vo. Leipsic.

BACH, J. S. *Werke. No. 7. Leipsic, 1857*.

— " *No. 6. (New edition.) 1857*.

MOZART. 10 Quartetten and Fuge. Partitur.

BEETHOVEN. Quartetten. Vol. 1, 1—6. "

— " " 2, 7—11. "

— " " 3, 12—17. "

— Trios and Quartetten. "

MOZART. Quintetten. "

BEETHOVEN. Quintetten, Sextett and Septett. "

MOZART. Duette, Quintetten and Sextett. "

H. WARE, LIBRARIAN.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST. — In the last of the Resolutions relating to the death of Francis L. Bachelder, the word "painless" was a misprint for *priceless*.

STUTTGART. — There is news from Stuttgart (in the *Gazette Musicale*) of an entire success lately won in the Opera-house of the Saabian capital, by 'Anna von Landskron,' the composer of which is Herr Abert, whom, some few years ago, on Stuttgart authority, the *Athenaeum* mentioned as a composer from whom something was to be expected.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 5, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera "*Lucrezia Borgia*," arranged for the piano-forte.

### Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The fourth chamber concert fell upon another stormy Friday (their fatality thus far); which did not keep a numerous audience from finding their way to the new hall of Messrs. Hallet & Cumston, piano-makers, in Washington Street, to which the Club were forced to resort for that night only. It was a meeting in "an upper chamber" — but a pleasant one and very good for music of this kind. The programme was this:

#### PART I.

1. Quintet No. 1, in C minor. Allegro—Andante—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro: Mozart.

2. Recitative and Air: "Che farò senza Euridice," from "Orpheus; Gluck: Mrs. J. H. Long.

3. Tema con Variazioni, from the Notturmo from Quintet, op. 35: Spohr.

#### PART II.

4. Solo for Violoncello, on an Air of the Pyrenees from the 16th century; Offenbach: Wulf Fries.

5. Songs: "The Violet," Mozart: "Breath of Spring," B. J. Lang Mrs. J. H. Long.

6. Seventh Quartet, No. 1, in F, of the Razoumofsky set, op. 59. Allegro—Scherzo—Adagio and Finale, (Theme Russe.) Allegro: Beethoven.

This programme was rather below the average in interest; but that "Razoumofsky" Quartet of Beethoven was inspiring enough, — and would be, if we had heard it a hundred times — to compensate for any other deficiency. It was the best played piece of the evening, and was truly edifying. That first of Mozart's Quintets is not one of the most striking in the list. The Adagio and Allegro are fine; but the latter portion of the work seemed commonplace for Mozart. The variations by Spohr were elegant, but scarcely memorable; — perhaps, however, it was the fault of our own sleepiness, or cold in the head (that drizzly, miserable night!) that we do not now, as we write, remember them. Mr. WULF FRIES, by the lucky accident of mislaying or forgetting some music, offered a welcome substitute for the solo set down to him, in the shape of a beautiful slow movement from one of Mendelssohn's Sonatas for Violoncello and Piano, in which the 'cello part discourses prominently, exhibiting the performer's skill and feeling to much advantage.

Mrs. LONG's selections were choice, and she seems to have gained in fulness and richness of voice, as well as in largeness of style, and general ease and finish. We could not feel quite satisfied, however, that *Che farò*, though one of the best of songs, was just the best for her; yet the success with the audience was quite decided. Mozart's melody to Goethe's little "*Veilchen*" song was pretty and naive; and Mr. LONG's setting of the little "Spring" song which we translated from the German in one of our numbers of last April:

O'er the garden hear the voices!  
Birds of passage on their flight!  
Spring is coming, earth rejoices,  
Grass is springing all the night, &c.,

struck us as very felicitous. Truly a charming song and true to the spirit of the lines; a clear, simple, natural melody, if not marked by any

rare individuality. The figures of the accompaniment, lying so natural to the easy play of the pianist composer's figures, were quite suggestive.

MME. BISCACCIANTI AND MISS JULIANA MAY. — The "Combination Concert" given by these singers last Saturday evening, in the Music Hall, drew a large audience, and was a success. Every piece sung by our accomplished towns-woman — weak as she was and nervous after long illness — was a signal triumph. We all knew before that she was one of the most highly cultivated sopranis of the day, and that she sings from a real musical passion; but the extraordinary finish and artistic refinement of her singing upon this occasion took us by surprise. Her voice, while it has naturally lost some of its power, makes up for it by the sweetness, purity and refinement of its quality. Marvellously fine it is in the highest notes; and she has the faculty of prolonging a high note for a remarkable length of time and with a sweetness, a perfection of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, a purity of line, that surpasses almost anything. But here too her strength was her weakness. Where all else was so tasteful and so perfect we hate to notice one exception in point of taste: namely — the perhaps pardonable weakness of doing a thing which she could do remarkably well, *too often*. Once or twice in an evening that prolonging of a tone was very effective; to certain pieces it was suited; but out of place in others; in Schubert's "*Serenade*," for instance, the note was held and held beyond all reason, until you forgot its purpose and could think only of the feat of skill. Her most perfect effort, to our taste, was in the Romanza from "*William Tell*" (*Sombre forêt*), one of the finest melodies in any opera, which she sang in a most chaste, expressive, finished style. It was a luxury to hear that.

The quaintly tender cavatina from "Rigoletto": *Caro nome*, &c., was a consummate piece of soprano-ism; and here, in the peculiar conclusion of this love soliloquy, where the yearning soul of the maiden seems to float away in reverie, the long holding of the note had a poetic meaning and appropriateness. Schubert's "*Serenade*" was finely sung, with the exception above named. Signor BISCACCIANTI accompanied with the sympathetic tones of his violoncello. In her last effort: *Ah non credea*, and *Ah non giunge*, from the *Sonnambula*, Mme. B. betrayed fatigue, but she put a deal of pathos into the cantabile melody, and of brilliant, joyous execution into the rondo.

Miss MAY sang *Ernani, involami*, which we were too late to hear; "*The Last Rose of Summer*," which she treated mechanically, emptying it of tenderness, and marring it with trills which seemed undecided on what pitch to settle. These be honest truths, and will not discourage the lady if she has the soul of music in her, capable of one day inspiring and subduing to finer impulses and meanings the clear, large, splendid voice which certainly she has. As yet mere execution is too paramount. *Di piacer* showed a good deal of that, yet crude. The Bolero from Verdi's "*Sicilian Vespers*" was again her most successful effort; less so the brilliant *Non fu sogno*, from the *Lombardi*, with which she responded to an encore.

The Piano-forte accompaniments were played with skill and tact by Mr. BAUMBACH. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, strengthened



by a double-bass, contributed the overture to *Cenerentola*, and an arranged song from *Tannhäuser*; and Mr. B. J. LANG, with Messrs. SCHULTZE and FRIES, played finely the Adagio from Mendelssohn's Trio in D Minor. But these things told rather feebly, of course, in that great hall.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

CARL ZERRAHN holds out grand attractions to his second "Philharmonic Concert" at the Music Hall to-night. His noble orchestra will play the "Scotch" Symphony, by Mendelssohn—perhaps his finest work; the glorious "Leonora" Overture, by Beethoven; that blazing piece of brassy jubilation, the "Torch-light Dance," by Meyerbeer; and the ever popular "Tell" overture. The German "Orpheus" Club, under Mr. KREISSMANN, will sing that beautiful Psalm by Schubert (published some months since in this Journal): "The Lord is my Shepherd," and "She is mine," by Hærtel. Mr. LOUIS COENEN, an accomplished young violinist from Belgium, will play a solo by Spohr, and a Fantasia of his own. Mr. Z. wishes it understood that *Complimentary* tickets, issued for the first concert, will not admit to this.

MR. TRENKLE left us last week on his way to Florida, seeking restoration of his health. A thousand good wishes accompany him. The Complimentary Concert, which his brother artists mean to give him, is now fixed for Saturday evening, Feb. 19th, that being the earliest evening when the Music Hall is unengaged. No pains will be spared to make it a successful concert of the highest order. Zerrahn's orchestra, the, "Orpheus," OTTO DRESEL, Mrs. HARWOOD, and others, will take part. Every artist gladly would, were there but room for all... Mr. STOEPEL's "Hiawatha" is to be brought out in New York, with the aid of the Mendelssohn Union, about the 12th of February; after which Mr. S. will return to Boston and commence here new rehearsals for its second and more perfect performance, probably in the Music Hall, which will be much the best place for it.

THE HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY have reached the point of rehearsals with orchestra of Handel's "Israel in Egypt;" and it will soon be publicly performed—possibly on Sunday after next. This is a work which will most certainly re-pay more than a single hearing. It would be only next in general esteem to the "Messiah," could it be heard as often. To aid the understanding of the listener, we have commenced copying this week, a good descriptive analysis of it by Mr. Macfarren, of London, having already said our own word about it in this Journal a year since (Nov. 1857)... The next concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will take place next Friday Evening—we suppose at Mercantile Hall.... We are glad—and all our readers hereabouts will be glad—to learn that the friends of Madame BISCACCANTI intend to give her a complimentary Farewell concert prior to her departure for Australia. It will probably take place in the course of next week. The compliment is certainly most amply due, and it will be a hearty one.... We learn that Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, one of the most talented and classical of the pianists who have resided among us, and one of the ablest interpreters of the master compositions, young as he is, proposes soon to give a concert. It is time he should be heard.

We spent a delightful evening last week with our Teutonic brethren of the "Orpheus" in their own "den"—a perfect *Ion-halle*, or hall of harmonies, in spite of beer and smoke. Grouped around tables over all the room, with their glasses and their music books before them, Herr KREISSMANN presiding at a Grand Piano in the midst of all, there they sat and sang, the choicest music, with admirably blended voices. The tones seem to spring up all around you; to exhale from the very floor and walls and mingle

like those wreaths of smoke. They sang a couple of beautiful part-songs by Schumann; another by Liszt, which happily seizes the humor of the "Student's Song" in "Faust;" a fine Mozart-like finale, (Trio and chorus of Soldiers) from Cherubini's *Waserträger*; and many more fine things. The brothers Schraubstädter sang solos; and Messrs. Leonhard and Dresel played to them. That is the way to have good times.

The Worcester *Palladium* thus gives vent to its enthusiasm after BISCACCANTI's singing, at a concert in that city:

After listening to Biscaccianti's singing it was the remark of many, "this brings back old times! this is such singing as we used to hear!" It was true enough, and thus we explain it. After hearing prima-donna after prima-donna sing continually, little save the "gems" of Verdi—than which nothing can be more injurious to the best of voices, a voice like Biscaccianti's trained in a purer school of Italian music, comes with grateful significance. Then she is a true artist. Mark her singing of that romance from "Tell"—its artistic shadings, the careful subduing of every detail to the complete whole. Or in her Italian cavatinas, how impassioned is her rendering of them, yet how pure! True artist that she is, she is satisfied with no half-way work; and so her German *lied* or English ballad is as true to the requirements of musical art as her most difficult aria.

A recent number of the New Orleans *Picayune* says:

At the opera we have had a performance of Verdi's "Jerusalem," of Auber's "Ambasadrice," of Meyerbeer's "Prophete," and of Halevy's "Juive." Tomorrow evening we are to have the so much talked of new comic opera of Maillard, (whoever he may be,) in which Mlle. Bourgeois and Messrs. Bourgeois and Beance and M'me Vadé are to appear. This piece is said to have been performed at the "Lyrique" in Paris every night for three months.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1.—The "Mendelssohn Union" is an off-shoot of the "Harmonic Society," and threatens to eclipse its predecessor. Mr. G. W. MORGAN, the organist of Grace church is the conductor, and Mr. BERGE, organist of the Roman Catholic church of St. Francis Xavier is the pianist. The society meets at the Cooper Institute. They have this season produced Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and last week gave us Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*. The performance took place in the large room of the Cooper Institute, one of the most remarkable concert halls in the world, because it is nothing more nor less than a large cellar, the floor thirty-five feet below the level of the street. The interior is painted white, and the acoustic capabilities of the establishment are good.

The solos in *Moses* were confided to various resident singers. Mrs. CRUMP, the soprano of the Episcopal Church of the Incarnation, sang the music of Esther; Miss HADLEY, of St. Francis Xavier, that of Nicanor; Mr. MIRANDA, of Dr. Macauley's, that of Osiris; while the other male soloists were Mr. WERNEKE, of St. Francis Xavier, and Dr. GUILMETTE. The work was very respectably given. Miss Hadley, whose delicious voice I have before spoken of, sang with pathos and earnestness, but is lacking in power for a large concert hall. There was no orchestra, and Mr. Berge accompanied on the piano. He is one of the few really good accompanists we have, and is not sleepy in his style of playing.

The Society now devote two evenings a week to the rehearsals of STOEPEL's *Hiawatha* music. Mr. Stöpel himself conducting. He pays the Society one hundred dollars for their services, and expects to produce his composition at the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 11th of February. Of course, an efficient orchestra will assist, and Mrs. Stöpel will read the explanatory portions of the poem. After *Hiawatha* has gone to the kingdom of Ponewah, to the land of the hereafter, the society will attack Costa's *Eli*, which they have hitherto performed.

In the meantime, the Harmonic Society is not inactive. They meet, as they have regularly done every week for the last five years, at Dodworth's room, and

are rehearsing Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. It is proposed to give Mr. BRISTOW, who now acts both as their conductor and pianist, a complimentary concert, when, I understand the first part of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, together with a variety of miscellaneous music will be performed. Mr. Bristow is a worthy recipient of such an honor. He is a solid, hard working musician, the organist of St. George's (Dr. Tyng's) Church, and the composer of that beautiful American Opera, *Rip Van Winkle*.

Miss DINGLEY, a good resident vocalist, gives her second annual concert this week.

PICCOLOMINI is to sing at the Academy of Music, at a *matinée* on the 12th of February, when she will appear for the first time here as Norina in *Don Pasquale*.

AFTOMMAS, the Harpist, gave a successful harp *matinée* the other day, when he played the harp for two and a half hours. He is a second David upon that instrument. TROVATORE.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 25.—On Monday night of last week, Mlle. PICCOLOMINI died of pulmonary consumption, surrounded by an immense audience of sympathizing Philadelphians; but she arose on the following morning, in time to be off to Baltimore, Washington and Richmond, where she is said to have concertized before delighted thousands. The Opera habitué will readily comprehend how the above announcement is to be taken; of course, facetiously, to obviate the necessity of stereotyped phrases such as "Verdi's *Traviata* was performed on last Monday night,"—which mode of commencing musical correspondence seems as commonplace as the *Libiamo* itself. Piccolomini played the character of the lamentable Violetta with much effect; but sung some of the music as though her own lungs were half consumed; indeed, in the *Sempre libera*, she might have *fiascoed* but for the discretion of Herr Anschütz, who checked the orchestra suddenly, and rescued the pretty little *cantatrice*.

After the *Traviata*, came Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Verily this change seemed like laying aside a flashy "yaller-kiver'd" novel and taking up some finished and classical work, like Macauley's History of England.

The *impresario* evinced much liberality in the production of the varied *mises en scene*, and accessories; while the cast only lacked a competent tenor to render it unexceptionable. Its first representation drew an immense audience,—one of the largest ever congregated within the walls of the Academy. So, too, the third, while the second took place amid a storm, which rendered access to the building disagreeable, even in a closely secured cab, and the audience was therefore small, but highly appreciative. The imposing choruses, consummate orchestral effects, and the impressive, religious vein frequently pervading the music, produced a sensible effect upon the many-headed. So, too, the efforts of the individual artists. FORMES disarmed criticism by his perfect rendition of the Huguenot soldier, for even though his intonation at times proved unsteady, his portrayal of Marcel was so superb as to drive all thoughts of carping at such vocal defects, out of the heads of the public and the press-writers. Mlle. POINSOT made a very favorable impression, both as a vocalist and an actress,—and LABORDE threw the people into ecstasies by her singular flexibility of voice, fine taste, and perfect method of vocalization. Much interest prevailed to hear this finished *cantatrice*, prior to the first night of the *Huguenots*,—in as much as people still bore in vivid remembrance her triumphs here, ten or eleven years since, on the boards of the old Chestnut Street Theatre. I, for my part, can scarcely conceive of a higher point of musical education than that to which Laborde has attained.

We had more of Meyerbeer last night. *Robert le Diable* was given before a splendid audience, but was performed in a very careless manner. What with an incompetent Robert, (LORINI,) a wretched Raimbaut, (PICKANESER,) and a badly rehearsed chorus, even the superior deportment of Formes, Poinsot, and Laborde seemed wanting in proper effect. In the duo between Bertram and Raimbaut, at the commencement of the second act, Pickaneser sang so frightfully out of tune as to cause thousands to screw up their mouths and knit their brows with just indignation. MANRICO.

BERLIN, JAN. 5. — Happy new Year! to you, dear Dwight, and to all those of your readers, who, in process of time, have come to feel some degree of interest in "A. W. T." I hope during the year that has just closed that the number of these has materially increased, and that when 1860 comes, they will be doubled or quadrupled. I promise to do my best to this end. During the Christmas and New Year's holidays many of the places of resort here are of a charitable character, one of which is worthy a word or two. Very likely I wrote about it long ago, but it will bear repetition.

In one respect the Germans set us an example good to follow, if in no other, in matters of Art. I refer to their combining together — forming a sort of brotherhood — aiding each other in life and extending a helping hand to the widows and orphans of the deceased. The Architects have an association, which now has a noble range of rooms, fine library, courses of lectures in the winter, and, in fact, all that we can think of as being fitted to make them better artists and give them a position in the community. So too the painters, and so too the "Tonkünstler" — musicians. It has long been a subject of sorrow to me that there is no association of the musical men of Boston — the practical musicians and teachers, that is — with a club room and library, where one can see all the musical journals and meet with those, who, each in his own way, is working in the cause of music. Such an association, besides being of great use to every member, would be a severe blow to musical quackery, it would tend to elevate the standard of musical culture, make men, now almost strangers to each other, better acquainted, raise the tone of the profession, and give that force to it which can only be obtained by combination.

Once a year the "Association of Berlin-Artists" gives an exhibition of transparencies, accompanied by the delicious music of the Dom Chor. The exhibition, lasting an hour, is given twice each evening, from 5 to 6, and from 7 to 8, for some two weeks; admission, 25 cents of our money. This year the pictures are six in number.

Go with me. We enter the building built by Frederick II., I believe partly at the suggestion of Voltaire, called the Kunst, or Art, Academy, and up one flight, in a narrow hall, with seats for some three hundred persons, we take our places. At the other end of the hall is the curtain. At the hour, screens, by a single movement, cover all the lights, the curtain divides, and the first picture — the "Deity in Glory," the vision of Ezekiel — after Raphael — appears, and a "Gloria in Excelsis," by Durante, streams out to us from the room behind the picture. We sit in darkness, save from the light which lights up the picture and passes through it to us. With the last dying tones of the chorus, the curtain noiselessly closes, and the lights of the room are uncovered.

No. II. The Annunciation, after Rubens, with an anthem by Grell, "Gracious and merciful is the Lord."

No. III. The worship of the kings to the child in the manger, also after Rubens, with an "Adoramus te, Christe," composed by Bortniansky.

No. IV. Mary standing with the infant Jesus and the child John, Joseph in the background, after the well known picture of Raphael; and this gave me a better idea of the original than I ever before had. The music was an old choral by Eccard, not the less interesting to me, as it is given, not much changed, in many of our psalm-books.

No. V. Christ and the two disciples at Emmaus, after Rubens; music, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," by Mendelssohn.

No. VI. A very fine copy of the celebrated and wonderful picture of St. Cecilia, at Florence, by Rubens. I say of this, as of No. IV., that I never before had any clear conception of the marvellous beauty of that picture. How it is possible to imitate,

in these transparencies, oil paintings so perfectly, is to me a mystery — but I am not a painter. The music is a "Sanctus," by Count Redern.

Now think a moment of the effect of such an exhibition. In the course of a few years very many of the finest pictures in Europe are made familiar to the public, as they could be in no other way, thus cultivating the taste and the eye, and at the same time the ear is delighted by vocal music of the highest order, sung as by no other choir on earth, with the possible exception of two or three in Russia.

As I sat there, I could not but think that it would be a grand speculation to take over some forty of the singers, and a score or two of the pictures which have accumulated upon the Association, and exhibit them in Boston and New York. I believe it would pay in the end for the city to pay a small sum per head to have all the school children have the advantage of the artistic culture, which a dozen such pictures and the accompanying music would give them.

As I mentioned the association of Architects above, here is a fact which shows to what good uses such an association tends. It makes the birthday of the great architect Schinkel one of its annual festivals. At the approaching one the plans of a new parliament house are to be examined, and a prize for the best to be awarded. The candidates for this prize must all be young men, who have just made their examinations, and the prize consists of — the best, in my opinion, that could possibly be offered — an annual sum sufficient to enable them to travel in Italy and other countries for some two or three years. From various sources similar prizes are awarded to young musicians, painters, and I believe to some others. When shall we see anything of the kind in America? Why cannot the city of Baltimore with its magnificent funds from Peabody set the example, and offer prizes of say \$500 a year for two years to one young musician, one sculptor, one painter, and one architect? Why not?

In Stuttgart there appears to be another rising young composer. His name is ABERT. Like Laub and Moscheles, he is from Bohemia, studied at the Conservatorium in Prague, where at the fifty years' Jubilee last season, he produced a Jubilee overture, and now belongs to the Kapelle of the King of Wurtemberg. Three symphonies by him, I believe, have been published. Just now he is attracting attention by an opera, "Anna von Landskron," his first for the theatre — the scene of which is laid in 1273, during the time of the party quarrels in Basle. At the rehearsal it was highly applauded by the Stuttgart orchestra, and at the public performance, the audience confirmed the decision.

The name of the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in der Oesterreichische Kaiserstadt" — Society of the Friends of Music in the Austrian capital — must be familiar to you. It was for this society, as well as for Boston, that Beethoven was to compose Bernard's oratorio "Sieg des Kreuzes" — Victory of the Cross. This Society is the grand dependence now of Vienna for classical music. It has a noble library, a fine museum of instruments, and the like. A recent report states that it receives from the government 3000 gulden — say \$1,500 — from the Government, and 2,000 from the city. These sums, in addition to the 15,000 gulden bequeathed by Carl Czerny, have put it into so flourishing a condition, that a really fine, large new hall is projected. In the conservatory under its care there are now 211 pupils, of whom 127 are free and 84 pay half fees. Who of us will live to see the Handel and Haydn Society, the Harvard Musical and the Music Hall Associations acting together for the cause of music, and receiving some assistance from the city so that we can have a true conservatorium in Boston? If you want such a man as Laub to reside with us, it could be made in this way an object for him to come over.

It is almost wrong to announce it at the close of a letter, but better late than never — the fine collection

of old works upon music, of which I have written you in such pathetic tones, both in private letters and for the Journal, is secured for the Boston Public Library. Now let the musical profession do something to the end of collecting the works of the great composers. More on this topic hereafter.

In my account of Radecke's concerts printed in the Journal of Dec. 4, I spoke, it seems, of "the Sere-nade composed in 1784." As in all probability several such works saw the light that year, it may be well for those who save their papers, to note on the margin that this particular work was by Mozart.

A. W. T.

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OH! WOULD SHE BUT NAME THE DAY.	"	"	25

These are the "gems" in the above-named Opera, which now re-echo throughout England, wherever musical people convene. Further particulars may be gleaned from the last numbers of this Journal, where a detailed account of the first performance has been given.

#### ASPIRATION. (Sehnsucht.) E. B. Oliver. 25

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